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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle.*



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. I. No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

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Offices of "THE MINIM," 84 Newgate Street, London, E.C.

OF ALL MUSIC-SELLERS.



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MADAME FANNY MOODY.

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It's a dreadful business—at least to *me*—this writing of miniature biographies. There are those, I suppose, who revel in that sort of thing, and can toss off delightful little "sketches" by the dozen with the greatest ease. Not so with me; a solitary one necessitates sheer hard work, and a column of "copy" ready for the printer means a week of thinking and almost a whole day of writing. It is this *column* that is my greatest trouble. If only I had the whole magazine to myself, or a bookful of room, I feel—terrible conceit though it be—that I could turn out something respectable; but, when one's very heart is full, to be tied down to sentences and syllables is surely most aggravating. But it is always the poorest who are most extravagant, and here am I bemoaning my abject poverty (with regard to space) and yet squandering words on myself that should belong to Mme. Moody. No more of such waste.

Mme. Fanny Moody hails from Cornwall, and right proud of her whom they have named the Cornish nightingale are the Cornish folk themselves, and proudest of all the dwellers in the little town of Redruth, where she first saw the light on Nov. 23rd, 1866. A hearty welcome is always waiting for her in the land of her birth; and fond as we in London are of her, it is in the provinces, and especially down west, that they are most lavish in their praises. Far away in Cornwall she has hosts of friends who have eagerly watched her triumphs, and who even claim a bit of reflected glory for themselves.

Mme. Moody is young yet, and has doubtless more to do in the future than she has achieved in the past, but already she has climbed to a high

place in the ranks of our native singers. Very early in life she became a pupil of Mme. Sainton Dolby, and her first public appearance, sadly enough, was at a concert given by Mr. Sainton in memory of his wife. It was not long before she attracted the attention of Mr. Carl Rosa, with whose company she travelled for some time. It is in Opera, perhaps, that she has most distinguished herself, and many of my readers must have seen her in "Faust," "Carmen," "Roberto" or "Mignon." Her name is often to be found on the festival programme, and she is always a favourite on the concert platform. She possesses a voice perfectly trained and cultivated, but the charm of her singing lies rather in its freshness and extremely sympathetic character. I was most struck with this when listening to her in "Faust" the other day. The "Jewel song" was splendidly sung, but it was in Act V, when Marguerite, in her wanderings of mind, recalls with simple yet exquisite pathos all the little details of her first meeting with Faust, that Mme. Moody was best.

Inside, not outside, the profession Mme. Fanny found her husband, or rather, he found her. It is only two or three years ago that she and Mr. Charles Manners—an artist well worthy of her—went and got married. Ever since then, wherever one is to be found there is the other, and the two names have been inseparably linked in the minds of the music-loving public. "The Ha'porth" thus sings of the marriage:—

"Loudly rang the wedding bells,
And gaily waved the banners,
And Fanny is not Moody now,
For she's acquired Manners."

— * * * * *

ON CHURCH-CHOIR TRAINING.

As it is impossible to make people moral by Act of Parliament, so it is equally difficult to become a good choir trainer by perusing treatises on the subject, though, negatively, both processes may have their value. In such an art as choir training, quite as much depends on what the Choirmaster does *not* do, or allows to be done, as on what he does; and, therefore, some recommendations, negative as well as positive, based on practical experience, may be found useful.

How is it that really good Choirmasters are so scarce? Because the various essentials for success are rarely combined in the same individual. One musically competent may be so deficient in tact, self-control, or organising power, that his influence for good will be *nil*; whilst another, with fewer

attainments, may produce better results. It is therefore important that all who aspire to success as Choirmasters, trainers or teachers, should cultivate many qualities that are inherent (though, perhaps, undeveloped) in nearly all, and suppress other unfavourable ones.

First comes efficiency as a musician. No real success in its higher development can accrue to such as cannot read accurately at sight in all clefs and keys. A familiarity with the whole range of musical literature and history, a knowledge of something more than the mere elements of musical theory, perfect taste and judgment as to the style of performance of any given piece of music—formed by the frequent listening, reading, marking, and inwardly digesting the mode and methods of

the best models ; a keen and cultivated ear ; knowledge of phrasing and the principles of rhythm-structure—all are necessary ; whilst the possession of a good voice, well trained by a good master, is most desirable—if not absolutely essential—even if there is in addition (by no means necessary) skill as an instrumentalist.

Next comes refined, educated, gentlemanly bearing and manners. No musician can hope for permanent success who does not cultivate the social amenities. Some seem to imagine that it is the correct thing to affect a rough, off-hand, boorish method of addressing choir-boys and men, and appear to think it necessary to assume a high tone in order to assert their own dignity and importance. There never was a greater mistake. If one cannot keep one's position without having to resort to a dictatorial manner to enforce it, even this device will not avail for very long, and the only ultimate result is the complete alienation of those feelings of good-will, sympathy, respect and love essential to real success. It will not be found that the cultivation of these qualities need interfere with the exercise of those qualities with which we shall deal in the next paragraph ; and it may be confidently asserted that in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of those painful scenes between clergy, choir and organist—of which, alas ! we hear so much—the blame attaches to some want of forbearance and courtesy on the part of those who, having quite absurdly high notions as to their dignity and importance, select the worst possible manner of asserting it. The Choirmaster's motto, in his relations with all—clergy and choir, boys and men—should be to combine the "*suaviter in modo*" with the "*fortiter in re*." Be as firm as you like, compatible with that wider discretion which we call *tact*, but ALWAYS be courteous, or the same rock will wreck you as many others.

Next come tact, judgment and power of discipline. No man can be a good Choirmaster if he cannot express his wishes in more than one way, and that way the most suitable to his choir's capacity, constitution, or special circumstances. "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him." Nor can one with a weak will of his own expect to control others. Decision, promptitude of speech and action, are desirable and essential, and these qualities are by no means incompatible with a quiet and self-possessed manner, when they are very effective ; though, if necessary, a more assertive style may now and then be indulged in with good results. The great secret of successful discipline depends on making no more rules than are absolutely necessary, and enforcing them fully.

Lastly comes interest in your work. If you have any enthusiasm for your calling, you cannot fail to impart some of it into your choir—for it is very contagious—and you will find many ways of inter-

esting and imparting some *esprit de corps* into them if you are made of the right stuff ; if you are not, you may as well become a crossing-sweeper at once, when all you will have to do is to look after and count the "pieces" as you get them.

We conclude this by some advice of that negative order which is almost the only positive assistance it is possible to give :—

Don't make favourites in your choir—or, at least, don't let this be seen.

Don't encourage any feeling of rivalry amongst the members of your choir.

Don't let your boys use their chest voices any higher than G.

Don't omit to commence each boys' practice with suitable "sol-feggi" or exercises.

Don't go through a well-known hymn, &c., simply to fill up time ; nothing is more provocative of carelessness and disgust.

Don't forget to conclude the practice with some bright and tuneful favourite.

Don't worry your choir too much over a difficulty they are physically incapable of overcoming at their present stage of development ; it is far better to put it on one side for a time and gradually lead up to it.

Don't talk too much at your practices ; explain what you want done briefly, tersely and concisely.

Don't pass over difficulties that your choir can overcome till they are accomplished ; but never repeat a passage without assigning a reason.

Don't forget that balance of tone is a most important feature of a good choir. If some of your voices are absent, a little discretion on the part of those present will prevent very bad results. A duet between a rasping tenor and strident bass in a four-part composition is not pleasant.

Don't have hobbies. Remember that attack, purity of tone, phrasing, light and shade, accuracy of intonation, clearness of enunciation, use of *sforzando*, &c., are not equally, but relatively, important. Discriminate between what is necessary and what is advisable, when your forces are unequal to all.

Don't confound strict discipline with unnecessary severity of manner.

Don't make rules that you can't or don't intend to enforce.

Don't keep a boy in the choir who is persistently unruly, even if he has a good voice ; his influence on the best efforts of the other boys will more than counteract his own value.

Don't fail to encourage hard-working and conscientious efforts, but flatter no one.

Don't hold out money payment as the only encouragement for effort, but endeavour to

induce a feeling of personal responsibility in each.

Don't over-practise your works, or let your choir attempt too hopelessly difficult music.

Don't fail to be cautious as to whom you admit into your choir, equally with those you dismiss.

Don't hold out the *performance* of music to be the only end of practice; you will then be able to include interesting works in your rehearsals

and secure good attendances, even if there is "not much on" on Sunday.

Don't think that no one's dignity can be hurt but your own.

Don't forget that the performance of music in church has a higher object than the gratification of the vanity of the Organist, Choirmaster, or choristers, and let this thought influence your actions throughout.



THE CURSE OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

(BY A HARD-WORKING TEACHER).

I beg to state that I am going to treat this somewhat suggestive subject in a serious manner. I do *not* mean to insinuate that professional musicians are unduly fond of "a wee drappie" of something stronger than water: that a pull at the "cratur" presents greater fascinations to them than to the rest of mankind; or that they have more than their share of ordinary human frailties; for I do honestly believe that musicians, as a class, are quite as sober and respectable members of society as any other body of men, though they are often popularly supposed to be otherwise by those who don't know much about them. Having thus cleared the air and put myself right with a much libelled race, we will proceed with our discourse.

It is related by an ancient historian that a Roman emperor, one of the weakest and most criminal of his kind, could never be induced to attend to important affairs of state, as his attention was distracted even at serious crises by quite trifling matters; and the final collapse of the monarch is ascribed to the fact that on one occasion, when his wise men and nobles were assembled to confer with him on an important affair—a rebellion in a distant province—he abruptly dismissed the assembly on word being brought to him that the inventor of a new kind of "water-machine" had brought the same for him to play with.

This little story shows that human nature was very much the same two thousand years ago as it is now. Then, as now, men were apt to grasp at the shadow while losing the substance; then, as now, men would cry peace when there was no peace; then, as now, men failed to realise the presence of danger until it was too late to avert catastrophe. We still find in existence the worship of water-machines in the political and religious worlds; and, even if it result from the competitive spirit of the age, it is none the less disastrous. Selfishness, however, is seen in its ugliest and blackest forms when applied to the cultivation of the fine arts; for here, under a cloak of making

the world better and brighter, is the mere aggrandise of the individual. What is true of individuals is often true of multitudes; and so, as multitudes are made up of individuals, we often find that a large number of units act as shortsightedly in a corporate state as they do separately; while in such a body as the musical profession, tied together by very loose bonds, and too often antagonistic in its separate entities, the worship of individual "water-machines," patent homœopathic remedies of the sufferer's own devising, will be common.

A celebrated preacher said one day that the curse of the clerical profession was that it "parsonified the Gospel." Now, the curse of the musical profession is that it "professionalises Art." With how many professional musicians is it anything more than a device to earn a livelihood? I honestly believe that English musicians do love their Art deeply, and many have made great sacrifices to follow it with but slight pecuniary reward and with honesty of purpose. Mendelssohn in 1829 spoke of the musicians of Berlin: "When I think of them I overflow with gall and wormwood with their sentimentality and sham devotion to Art! I have no intention to sing the praises of English musicians, but, when they eat apple-pie, they do not talk about the abstract nature of pie and of the affinities of its constituent crust and apple, but heartily eat it down." Sham æstheticism does probably as much harm to Art as cant to Religion, because they are both insincere. But professionalism, though just as hurtful, is oftener the product of keen competition in the struggle for life and existence, a low ideal and want of general culture rather than absolute hypocrisy. Then how may the professional rank and file be protected from the "hated amateur" who reputedly takes the bread of the starving professionals—the inundation of the country with armies of certificated boys and girls eager to teach at starvation prices? How is he to live unless he goes to work on the strictest business

principles? Well, the fact is that, unless he has such a degree of ability that he can easily hold his own, he was ill advised in entering such a densely crowded profession; but, having entered it, he must raise himself above the common level by the cultivation of some special branch. A *really good* organist, pianist, violinist or teacher commonly can make a living anywhere if he is a cultivated and educated man; but what of one who seeks to combine them all with little personal culture and no high ideals? He will be a Jack-of-all-trades, with the proverbial result, and a disappointed, hungry and discontented man to boot. All the societies, guilds, colleges and the like in the world cannot make a man what he is not; and, if he has rashly decided to embark in a profession for which he has no extraordinary aptitude, he must take the consequences. Merely permissive registration is not of the slightest use to such as he. No Government will make registration compulsory without first taking steps to ensure that persons seeking protection are efficient; for efficiency as a musician, and not mere occupation, will be the necessary qualification for admission should the State ever compel the registration of teachers when it does not provide the funds for paying them, which seems unlikely.

Too many musicians, it is to be feared, regard the art as a butcher does his "round," or as something created for their special use and emolument, and think all persons who are not within a certain mysteriously charmed circle are (if they at all come into competition with the very elect) villains of the deepest dye, and enemies, not of *music*, but of its professors! Such narrowness is intolerable, and only worthy of half-educated selfish bigots. This rampant professionalism, which only too often leads the professor to adopt that line of action which will benefit himself rather than the Art, is indeed a "curse."

We are very willing to teach the amateurs so long as they pay us, or to take their money in any other capacity, and we don't object to their

teaching others, or performing in public when it is for our benefit, even if their ability is not first-rate; but directly they attempt to monetarily benefit themselves, a rival professor, or a charity, we are all up in arms and vastly indignant. Why? In fear and love for art? Oh no! because of our selfish professionalism, which leads us to cry, like Demetrius of old, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—our craft is in danger!

It must not, however, be imagined that I am advocating the abnegation of strict business principles in our relations with mankind. I am not contending that we should journey without scrip, purse, or staff. I am only pleading that a would-be successful one must unite to shrewdness and good management in his social arrangements perfect sincerity and love for the Art, with a high ideal as to its responsibilities.

In what direction, then, lies our salvation if not in protectionist societies or State aid? This way: *in ourselves!* Let us show the great world—amateurs of high and low degree—what a breadth of mind and loftiness of standard we have in all Art matters. Let us teach them to look to us for inspiration in the higher walks of Art, with the full assurance that they will find in us sympathetic workers in the search after all that is true and beautiful in it. Then, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, we shall gradually evolve a noble army of disciples of the Art, who, possessing the indispensable qualities of efficiency and sincerity, shall build up for themselves a great inheritance, not by the process of *levelling down*, but by *building up*. We should all be Sauls among the prophets to avoid the consummation devoutly dreaded by those who would infinitely prefer holding others down to working themselves up—the awful calamity of being overtaken by the musical democracy. Let us endeavour to put on a head or so every year, and keep ourselves "up to date" in every direction. In a word, then, the antidote to the curse of the musical profession is "culture"—wide, deep, and many-sided.

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CHURCH MUSIC: AS IT IS AND AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

BY AN ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER.

At first sight it may seem unnecessary to enter into a discussion into the object of music in church, as more or less (too often *less*) musical services are almost universal. Yet, if its introduction cannot be logically justified, music should be banished from the church entirely, and retained only for the secular and ungodly purposes for which it is suited.

Now, what is this object? Firstly, secondly, thirdly and entirely, it has, or should have, only

one: the glory of God. To this end only is it legitimate, and in so far only as it conduces to this result. Of what, then, should the music in church consist? What part of the service should be performed musically?

To clear the ground for a discussion on this point of any value, we must take care to approach the subject from a proper standpoint. As a member of the Church of England, the writer will

approach the matter from the standpoint of the Prayer-book and the various traditions which have been handed down to us as to the practice of the Church in the earliest ages: avoiding on the one hand prejudice, bigotry, narrow-mindedness; and on the other a spirit of innovation, restlessness, and a desire to advocate the introduction of anything not warranted by the usages and teaching of the Church.

We of the Church of England, for good or for evil, have adopted a Liturgical form of service for our various offices, *i.e.*, a set form has been drawn up for our use, by the ablest and most learned men living at the time, with every care and after much deliberation. This was sanctioned by the Crown, Lords and Commons, and is therefore virtually an Act of Parliament. It is not our object to enter into a defence or otherwise of the course then adopted, as we of the Church must necessarily accept it. No doubt it is open for any one to dissent from the doctrines and teaching of the Prayer-book if he can conscientiously do so; but as Churchmen we have no right to set up our private judgment against the teaching of the Church in any such matter as the conduct of the Church's services if the directions in question are clear and specific. We should examine the tenets of a society before joining it, and not grumble subsequently if we find that they are not quite what we expect. If we ignore or are wilfully blind to the plain directions of the Church itself and become every man a law unto himself, we are not only undermining the foundations on which a society of any kind exists, but we also leave ourselves liable to those charges of insincerity which sometimes we hurl in other directions, quite overlooking that they may be equally applicable to ourselves.

Having therefore a Liturgy or set form of service, we should have also a Liturgical form of music, if music is admissible. Here is a very interesting fact. We have Liturgies very old, extending back many centuries, and for all this we have music equally ancient; some at least being of as great antiquity as Christendom itself. To return—if reference is made to the Prayer-book, it will be found specifically stated therein in what manner and in what parts the various offices should be celebrated musically. Without entering into theological questions it would be impossible to show in what an admirable way the Church consistently arranges this in conformity with her doctrines. The general principle, however, is this, that in each service there are three distinct divisions—portions for the priest, the choir (or clerks, as they are here and there called) and the congregation; also one or other in combination: for instance, in the office for the Burial of the Dead there are rubrics directing certain portions of the service to be "read" by the priest, whilst other portions are to be "said or

sung" by the priest and clerks. If this tripartite or threefold construction of the service was thoroughly understood and consistently carried out many shallow criticisms and narrow-minded objections to a musical service would vanish.

In the order for Morning and Evening Prayer the priest's part consists of all the prayers, the Absolution and the Benediction. In one prayer only, the Lord's Prayer, are the people directed to audibly join. It is not proposed to enter into a discussion as to the musical rendering of the priest's part, because the treatises on this subject—from the "Injunctions" of King Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth to that valuable work, "Magister Choralis," which nearly every one knows—form almost a literature of their own. We are more concerned to enter into those parts of the service of which the functions are more generally misunderstood—the portions for the choir alone, for the congregation, and for the choir and congregation together.

There are many persons who either wilfully or ignorantly ignore the former entirely. These people (who, by-the-bye, are often, alas! notable for their neglect of their own duties as part of the congregation) are very fond of raising objections to the performance of an anthem by the choir; they object to "be sung for," or "sung at!" or they "don't like concerts in church." Then perhaps they endeavour to show their displeasure and disapprobation by "sitting down" during the performance, forgetting that the only Person whom such an act can dishonour is the Being in whose praise the music is being sung. (Personally, the writer would like to see the entire congregation sit down during the anthem by the choir to emphasize the fact that its performance, like the recitation of prayers by the priest, is to be regarded as a contemplative act in which the people are expected to join in spirit, heart and truth, but not necessarily in voice.)

The principal object of attending church is to worship. Now worship is of two kinds, active and passive or contemplative. We are engaged in active worship when we take part audibly in prayer or praise, and we are engaged (or should be) in the contemplative form when the priest says the prayers or the choir sings the anthem. Now it is a strange thing that the very people who do not at all object to being prayed for (and who would even like to go back to that very acme of absurdity in the way of vicarious worship—the parson and the clerk duet), these very people, we repeat, are often the very ones lost in admiration should the officiating minister in preaching the prayers, as it is sometimes termed, employ a more than usually oratorical, not to say theatrical, tone in his supplications, which, as it would seem, being addressed not to man, but to God, should be specially devoid of all artifice.

What is the explanation of the fact that some even fond of music seem to object to its use in the services of the Church? Perhaps one reason is that music is sometimes confounded with Ritual, and therefore regarded as but a stepping-stone to the Inquisition, the martyr's stake, and the burning of heretics; and another is that Calvinistic kind of doctrine which practically seems to teach that everything that is of God is stern, dark and gloomy, while everything that is beautiful and bright is of the Devil. There is only one sound reason for not performing the service musically and in accordance with tradition, and that is the absence of proper materials and means for an adequate rendering. If these be not present that which should be an honour to the Almighty is made the reverse; occasion is given to the enemy to blaspheme and for the adversary of musical services to rejoice.

We will now pass through the orders for Morning and Evening Service and the Holy Communion office. The former services open with sentences "to be read" and an exhortation to be "said" by the priest, succeeded by a confession to be said after the priest in an "humble voice." Here let me direct your attention to two things: the use in the Prayer-book of the three expressions—*read, say and sing*. We need not enter into a discussion as to what was intended by these three expressions (*legere, dicere, cantare*), but it should be noticed that the terms are distinct, and are evidently intended to convey separate meanings. We will, however, assume (which, to say the least, we are warranted in doing) that "to read" means to use the voice in the ordinary way, to *say* means to recite musically, and to *sing* is an expanded form of "saying." The other thing is the direction to say the Confession in an humble voice (not a harmonised melody as in the "Ely" use).

Then follows the Lord's Prayer, to be said by priest and people. The Versicles, to be said. The latter have for many years been said or sung to ancient tones or tunes which have received various harmonies from various composers. Those who have treated them in modern times have, as in the modern practice, usually placed the melody in the upper part. But in the old days, when the bulk of the people were better musicians than they are now, when it was considered a disgrace if one could not sustain his part at first sight in a madrigal or glee—in the old times, we say, the melody was placed in the tenor part, as is the case in the well-known setting by Tallis.

Then we have the Venite and Psalms, "to be said or sung," not "read." The absurdity of reading a Psalm never probably occurred to the framers of the Prayer-book. Mendelssohn has shown us the possibility of having songs without words, but even he could not demonstrate the possibility of having *songs* (the word Psalm, you know, means

something sung) *without music*. The antiphonal character of the Psalms should be noticed, and the descriptions, dedications and interpolations found in the Old Testament version, too, are of great interest.

Then we have the Canticles "to be said or sung," the Lessons to be read, the Creed "to be sung or said," the people standing; followed by the Lord's Prayer, the Lesser Litany to be said, and the Collects.

We now come to the famous Rubric—"In Quires and places where they sing here followeth the Anthem." It is feared that a great many of us wilfully ignore or explain away to our own satisfaction the plain meaning of this paragraph. Strictly speaking, if there is no Quire, or the Quire is inadequate, nothing should be interpolated here at all: it is the place of the anthem just as another place is that of the sermon. *Whatever* an anthem means, it certainly does mean something sung by trained voices in which the congregation is not expected to take part. It does not mean a metrical hymn, which has been introduced by some clergy as a kind of substitute for the anthem, either because the Quire could not perform one or because, in view of the ignorant prejudices of certain members of the congregation, it was considered expedient; nor is the "Office Hymn" of some of our High Church friends literally an anthem.

In the anthem we have very emphatically the contemplative side of worship placed before us, and it will often do us more good to listen reverently than to indulge in any amount of indiscriminate bawling. It is difficult to believe in the sincerity of one who seems to prefer to hear the sound of his own voice to that of any others, especially when his singing evidences a total lack of reverence or appreciation of the words he is uttering. It is only too true that congregations as a body think any kind of singing will do for church. It is a common saying if you ask a person if he has a voice: "Oh! no! I only sing in church." They disdain any attempt to learn the music which they should sing. They expect the music performed to be of such a type as will cause them no trouble. They don't take their *own* part in the service either in responses or psalms, and often wish to prevent the choir from taking theirs.

The Communion Service or the Litany would next in order claim our attention were it not that we are in the habit of getting through two or three services at one sitting (so to speak)—one or more, perhaps, suffering mutilation in the process—and are accustomed to sing some kind of metrical psalm or hymn after each. This is primarily and entirely intended to be sung by the congregation, the choir leading.

Now we ought to encourage by every means in our power the singing of the congregation in their

allotted music. But should we be satisfied with any mere "heartiness"? (the pet phrase so much abused), which consists, as it often seems, merely in the vociferous enunciation of the most sacred words in the most thoughtless way. We are enjoined to worship in spirit and in truth: mere voice is not enough. Many persons will sing something they know for the mere sensuous pleasure of emitting sound, and all these, who frequently include those who object to being "sung for," are very often, it is to be feared, guilty of breaking the third commandment.

The whole question is that of "motive"—for what object do congregations sing; for their own pleasure, or for the honour of God? Only too often it is not the latter; yet it is common to ascribe the hard-working and self-denying labours of a choir (which once was defined as "a kind of body banded together to receive very little pay and an abundance of criticism") to a "love of showing off" and "overwhelming vanity." Equally common is the individual who never lifts up his voice in the congregation under the idea "that it is not the thing, you know," or the other kind who has a very harsh and therefore very loud voice (it is funny how these always go together!), and will insist on singing everything, whether he knows it or not, to the distress of all his neighbours.

The effect of music, however, on a susceptible organisation is very powerful; its varied characteristics, its power to elevate, depress and instruct, to make gay and to sadden, have all been and are capable of being used with the greatest effect in the Church's services at proper times.

We have only sufficient space to briefly discuss the music of the highest act of Christian worship, the Holy Communion Service. Here again we have certain directions given us, but too often they are over-ridden and left in practical abeyance; in particular one's feelings protest against that kind of service which is not entirely choral, or entirely plain—one of those half-breed mongrel kind of things, which is neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

To determine what the nature of the service should be, again one must try to realise the intentions and practice of the Mediæval Church. It was then the custom for all who intended to communicate to do so at early morn—a custom handed down from the earliest ages and probably originated by the Apostles themselves. This was a quiet "breaking of bread," in which there was no cere-

mony or degree of elaboration, though doubtless everything was done decently and in order. This was followed at noon by the High Celebration, at which the Holy Acts were commemorated with every solemnity; but as all had already communicated, and it being against the rule of the Church to do so twice in the same day, it was entirely contemplative in its nature, and no actual communion by the people took place. As the dark ages advanced this beautiful attitude became abused, and it became necessary to have plain celebrations at mid-day to meet the convenience of the very few who communicated at all, this ceremony taking place in some churches two or three times a year only. At the Catholic revival early celebrations were again introduced, and they are now general, though they are not everywhere consistently carried out.

In the Ante-Communion Service we have the Kyrie, Gloria and Gratia before and after the Gospel, the Nicene Creed and the Offertory Sentences (one or more are to be said while the collection is being made). The Kyrie of these is the item most often open to abuse. It should be sung to a solemn and touching strain; but how often is it set to the semi-sentimental or lackadaisical pretty air dear to the amateur musician or the thoughtless or shallow Churchman? It is really a very solemn prayer.

The rest of the Communion Service, when performed chorally, is usually associated now-a-days with more or less worthy strains composed by musicians of skill and attainments—having a familiarity with Church teaching as well as musical ability—whilst, for those who prefer it, the ancient music of the office may be found in noted Prayer-books. Our arguments may be now briefly summed up as below:—

- i. That, if a musical service be attempted at all, it must be on the lines suggested by the Prayer-book, and the best of its kind possible.
- ii. That personalities and dislikes must be abandoned, only that style of music being presented which is elevating in itself.
- iii. That in the various services there are portions designed for the minister, for the congregation and the choir, with distinct functions, to be performed only after due preparation and care.
- iv. That it is necessary, to appreciate a musical service, that one should have some amount of acquaintance with Church teaching.



A STATUE lies hid in a block of marble, and what sculpture is to the block education is to the human soul.

THE gong has been used as a musical instrument by Meyerbeer in "Robert le Diable," and by Rossini in "Semiramide."

Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography, and Articles on "How to Pass Examinations," "Half-an-hour in S. Paul's Cathedral Organ Loft," "Word-pictures of the Great Composers," "Key-board Technique," "Leaves from an Amateur's Journal" (No. 3), "Voice Training," "Notes by Nemo," &c., &c.

The Minim.

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 2.

All Local Notes, Advertisements, &c., to be sent to the Local Publishers.

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The Editors, "The Minim,"

84 Newgate Street,

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"THE harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and the sound of music is once more beginning to be heard in the home. For months past the musicians who ply their trade for hire, whether of high or low degree, have had it almost entirely their own way; and, on the whole, they have reaped a rich harvest. Now, however, is the time when the budding Sarasate, Charles Hallé, Santley or Neruda of the family hunts up his or her old pieces and seriously thinks of setting that charming song of Chaminade's or that lovely romance of somebody else's.

Serious musical study, too, will be recommenced, and Dr. S. or Professor P. will be invited to resume their interesting visits. Then, too, for those pluming their wings for a more venturesome flight, is not the local concert giver ready to receive them with open arms? and is not the local choral or orchestral society waiting for their assistance?

After all, music has no purer or delightful aspect than when seen in connection with the serene joys of the home circle; nor is domestic music necessarily antagonistic to professional interests, as is sometimes assumed, for in proportion to the degree of intelligence possessed by the critic is the appreciation of that which is true and beautiful in art. It is the province of the professional musician to stimulate and foster a spirit of this kind, and if he does so honestly and sincerely he shall surely have his reward.

— * * * * *

THE Sacred Harmonic Society first held its meetings for choral practice and prayer in a dis-senting chapel. The Monday Popular Concerts, as the title indicates, began with popular songs sung by Sims Reeves, and popular pianoforte solos played by Miss Arabella Goddard (afterwards Mrs. J. W. Davison). The Crystal Palace Concerts began with a large military band.

QUEEN VICTORIA once enquired of the great singer, Lablache, if it was true that he had an immense collection of snuffboxes. He replied, "Yes, your Majesty, I have one for every day in the year—three hundred and sixty-five." The Queen graciously observed that the collection was incomplete, and presented Lablache with another—for leap year.

NOTES BY NEMO.

MOST of the music of the past month that I have heard has been cast in the mould ecclesiastical. There have been no concerts, excepting the Promenades, of which I spoke last month, and matters musical in the Metropolis are rather tame. There is music in the air, however; and with November several of our venerable and well-tried institutions will have got well under way. The provincial festivals have come and gone, much in their usual style, with the usual result—a temporary quickening of the local pulse; not to be followed, it is to be hoped, with the stagnation and lethargy which often succeeds unaccustomed exertions.

It would be a better and more healthy state of things if some of the provincial cities indulging in fitful festivals were, instead, to support a permanent local orchestra. Social causes have a good deal to do with their present meed of success; and were the support of the stewards, guarantors and subscribers, who artificially prop up the institutions, to be withdrawn, only too often an immediate "cropper" would be the result. Nothing can be quite financially sound if not self-supporting. Nor is it satisfactory evidence of the progress of music when voluntary contributions are a large portion of the revenue. Readers of "The Minim" therefore, in our festival towns, have a rare field for missionary enterprise. They should try and stimulate a love for music amongst their friends and acquaintances, *not for what can be made out of it, or through it*, but for its own sake. Then, when it is duly appreciated and loved, there will be no need for financial anxiety, the writing begging letters, the importuning one's friends, or the necessity for making musical performances a social function, now so general. Here's a vast responsibility for our local musical leaders, as well as a grand opportunity.

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anything better to do. I have found them somewhat monotonously alike. I have heard nearly the same hymns at each, and my brain has had "Come, ye thankful people, come" and "We plough the fields" dinned into it so persistently that my morning salutations have got inextricably mixed: all through Pears' Soap and harvest festivals. I heard Sir John Stainer's "Ye shall dwell in the land" five times, and other well-known favourites equally frequently. Why can't some one write a new harvest anthem approaching in merit such as "Fear not, O land," "O Lord, how manifold," or that already mentioned? I am sure it would have an enormous sale. But, so far, the time and the man has yet to come. There are hundreds published, it is true; but in the authors' desire to make them easy they have, in all cases which have fallen under my notice, made them commonplace likewise. It really does require great creative power to compose an anthem (or anything else for that matter) which shall be at once easy, melodious, short, and constructed on idioms not worn out.

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THE music was always heartily sung, but only too often lacking in refinement and finish. Such effects as *cres.* and *dim.* were unknown quantities, "leads" and quality of tone often deficient, necessitating a "lot of organ" to cover it all up. Still, such services are, on the whole, both pleasant and profitable; and as they, like Christmas, only come once a year, we must take the will for the deed and hope for better things another time.

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INSTRUMENTAL music, like architecture, is a purely structural art, and depends largely for its power upon beauty of design; and without some insight into the laws of proportion, without some study of the art, no one will appreciate a symphony.

As the strength of a horse is best developed, not by putting the animal to a work of one unvarying strain, but to alternate up-hill and down-hill labour, so the vocalist and instrumentalist will gain most technique by varying the nature of the exercises.

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Melody and Harmony are both necessary for complete and satisfactory musical effect, though, perhaps, melody forms the better half, for as there may be melody without harmony, harmony by itself produces no melody essential to music as now understood. Harmony then is used to clothe the melody, as it were, in an appropriate dress, and to heighten its effect and intention. Therefore, composers select those harmonies which have most affinity to the nature of the melodies they accompany, and often make use of them to colour the melody with tinges which alone it hardly affords. So powerful is the effect of harmony on melody, that it is quite possible to arrange even well-known airs in such a manner that by the use of varied harmonies they can hardly be recognised. The great masters

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Now if such a changed character be given to a melody by merely altering the dispersion of the parts, without substituting any new chords, it follows that if the harmonies had been changed likewise, it would have been still further disguised, for change of harmony has a far more powerful effect on the character of an air than any mere figure or style of accompaniment. A broad and even jubilant melody, by the choice of an appropriate tempo and suitable chords, may become absolutely penitential or melancholy, and *vice versa*. Chromatic notes in the upper part, too, have just as an important effect in giving it character as harmony has to the general effect, and we will consider firstly the former.

Chromatic notes, *i.e.*, notes not included in the customary major or minor scales, being more or less exceptional in their nature, require to be made prominent. They may be only passing notes, or notes occurring on the normally unaccented parts of the bar, and passing in a scalar form from one diatonic note to another, or they may be appoggiaturas or "leaning" notes. In the case of chromatics intervening with diatonics, the degree of prominence to be given to the exceptional notes will be less in rapid passages than in slow, when

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As terms like *crescendo* and *diminuendo* are entirely *relative* in their effect, it is as well to commence the passage with such a degree of force as will permit each of the notes to differ from its predecessor, and to take care that the climax of loudness or softness, as the case may be, is arrived at at the right place, *don't* exhaust your effect *before* the climax. In suspensions it is usually of good effect to accent the note tied over (usually on an unaccented beat).

It is not necessary or advisable to break the music in *equal degree* at every cadence; some are much more complete than others. A very slight silence, shortening or softening of the last note is often sufficient.

In the older composers it is not necessary or advisable to vary the *nuances* or degrees of expression

in the same phrase to as great an extent as in the modern ones. It would be ridiculous to render a *cantabile* of Handel's in the same style as one by Chopin. The older composers relied perhaps more on contrast in the phrases themselves, there being little *nuance*, than on the contrast of the notes forming the phrases.

The phenomena of musical expression are comprised in loudness, softness, the gradations between them, comparative duration of sounds, their grouping together, in staccato and legato, and in the contrasting these effects.

It would be an excellent discipline for students to summarise in writing the various principles laid down in this and the previous article.



LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S JOURNAL.—No. II.

When one goes for the first time on a holiday in "furrin parts" the powers of observation seem to sharpen up amazingly, especially when the party consists of a quartet or more, because No. 1 notices what appears to have escaped others and promptly sits on them, very much to his own satisfaction, until the wind is taken out of his sails by No. 2, who announces some other startling discovery, and so the fun goes round.

Something of this sort was anticipated when a party of distinguished travellers took tickets down to Harwich one July evening, *en route* for "la belle Suisse." The word "distinguished" is used advisedly, as we wished it to be clearly understood by the more or less intelligent foreigner (in the event of being requested to take a night's lodging at the expense of the State!) that we were English to the backbone, and in order to impress this fact firmly on their minds we were arrayed in most unmistakeable tourist costume, with a variety of headgear that was decidedly striking, if not altogether charming.

As luck would have it we were just a quartet (as a matter of fact we were a *sestet*, the odd two consisting of the impresario and the courier), but any singing that *was* done was strictly *entre nous*. No one else could have survived it. To simplify matters it may be as well to state that the bass was Green (no "e," please), the baritone, Black, the tenor, White, the alto, Brown.

The impresario was usually called "The Imp" for short (his dignity was constantly ruffled, but he got over it somehow), but the courier most unaccountably became known as "Pimple;" *why*, it is now difficult to say as he certainly was not

particularly disfigured by nature, but, after all, every courier is bound to be nicknamed something, and it was essential that his should be short, easily pronounced, and distinctive. The latter it certainly was, especially when roared out with the full bellows' power of Green's lungs at some bustling Swiss railway station—there was no mistaking that homely name.

The voyage across to Antwerp was only mildly exciting, nothing went wrong with the weather, nothing (luckily) went wrong with the machinery, and practically nothing went wrong with the passengers. Once or twice pathetic appeals for "steward" were heard followed by somewhat indescribable sounds, and when that functionary sailed out of his den, bearing the unpretentious but invaluable domestic article with which his name is so inseparably connected, his gentle attentions seemed to exercise a most soothing effect upon the unhappy victims, accompanied by pleasant relief.

Strangely enough, the steward seemed constantly going in the direction of Brown's berth, so White unfeelingly suggested that he had tipped that obliging official to come direct to him whenever any one called out. This was indignantly denied next morning by the irate Brown, and, as he was able to enjoy his little, short, juicy pipe as usual, we were forced to believe him.

Landing at Antwerp was, of course, productive of great fun, what with douaniers, porters, and touts of all descriptions, but our courier surmounted all difficulties and soon we were *en route* for our hotel.

Going across the Place Verte we discovered that the whole place was *en fête* for some reason or

other, and there was special high mass at the Cathedral, with a grand procession to follow. It was thereupon decided to lunch first, and go to mass afterwards.

The band stand was occupied by a large choir of men singing. The Imp at once struck a listening attitude and refused to budge till he had heard a verse or two. Like most Continental choirs, they had no altos, the 1st tenors screeched up as high as they could, the 2nd tenors were rough and harsh, and the only redeeming feature was the quality of the 2nd basses, which Green pronounced very good indeed. Our primo tenore assoluto was loth to give his candid opinion, but Brown simply turned his nose as high up in the air as it would go and walked away disgusted. "No altos! bah! How could they do a glee? Just imagine how 'Strike the Lyre' or 'By Celia's Arbour' would be done by such a lot of screechers!"

Good old Brown! It did not occur to him at the moment that, being Belgians, they were hardly likely to try any of his pet glees, especially on such a day of jollification and row. Still, the fact remains that altos *do* seem an unknown quantity in Belgium and Germany generally speaking, and the effect of harsh, strident 1st tenors is anything but pleasing to an English gleeman.

The Imp, having practically decided that there was no promising talent to unearth amongst the lot, gave the order to fall in and march on to lunch. This over, we started off for the Cathedral, which was thronged with people, all in holiday attire and very devout.

Being a gala day all the celebrated pictures were uncovered, but it was impossible to get more than a glance at them owing to the crowd. Like most Roman Catholic churches the choir gallery and organ are at the West End, and naturally our musical enthusiasm led us to look up there and see the soloists.

We entered just as the creed was begun (the mass was Weber in G), and the beautiful treble solo was, to our surprise, taken by a boy, and a rattling good boy to boot. Brown, with characteristic patriotism, intimated as clearly as he decently could that he would lay odds on his being English; no other nation seems to possess that lovely flute-like quality in boys' voices.

White was open to argue the point and proceeded to state his views, when suddenly he was touched on the shoulder, and, on looking round, was confronted by an awful apparition in gorgeous blue and silver uniform. His eyes just about hit the third button, and following the line of buttons up they saw the ferocious moustache, aquiline proboscis, and piercing eyes of the head beadle, who significantly laid his finger on his mouth, looked towards the east, and nodded. White was nonplussed, but Black, thinking he was indicating the

position of the famous pulpit, chimed in "Oh! ah! oui, oui, m'sieu, je vous remercie mille fois." That being settled, the other two resumed their discussion *sotto voce*, criticising the general performance, when the mountain in blue and silver clutched Brown's shoulder, and its voice whispered, "Look towards ze altare, if you please, gentlemen."

Quite unwittingly they had shocked his feelings at a part of the mass which is most solemn to the Roman Catholic's mind, but of course saw their mistake and moved behind a convenient pillar out of the way.

The grand burst at "Et resurrexit" was very striking, organ, choir and band being good, and the old cathedral a splendid place for sound. Altogether it was a most imposing ceremony.

Once outside again all was life and fun: a glorious day, every one more or less dressed in bright colours (girls in particular), and, as might be expected, the cafés and places did a roaring trade. The next hour or two was taken up by visits to various churches, and then train was taken for Brussels, leaving that city in the evening *viâ* Basle for Lucerne, where we arrived next morning about 9.30 a.m.

It is, of course, impossible to incorporate a record of the whole tour within the limits of this article, and consequently the reader must imagine himself or herself shod with a pair of traditional seven-league boots if they would accompany "the young musicians who go from place to place."

At Lucerne we naturally made a point of paying a visit to the Hof-Kirche to hear the famous organ. It is a fine old church, with organ up in west gallery as usual. Unfortunately, a copy of the programme is not now forthcoming, but it included *inter alia* (if we may sufficiently rely on Green's memory) a Handel chorus, a graceful little piece of the modern French school, and, of course, the famous "Storm Fantasia,"—"Not Lemmens', but Binks'" as Brown remarked afterwards, and on being challenged as to his accuracy about the name he got out of it by saying that (1) "he saw the man and he was little;" (2) "he saw his name somewhere, it began with a B and was short;" and (3) "short names of little men beginning with B are as likely to be Binks as anything else." (Q.E.D.)

The old organ was certainly a fine instrument, and its wily old manipulator knew its points thoroughly. The twilight was deepening rapidly (about 8 o'clock p.m.), there was little or no artificial light, and the dim flicker of a few candles about the altar all heightened the effects produced by the mimic storm.

The Imp sat with closed eyes and placid face. Black declared that the boom and rumble of the pedal reeds was considerably augmented by the efforts of his nasal reed, but this was indignantly refuted afterwards. He was, however, distinctly

seen to wince when Professor Binks played an extra vivid flash of lightning.

Pimple was far more interested in watching a young married couple than in the music, and very nearly laughed when they clung together in apparent terror as an extra loud and much prolonged clap of thunder reverberated through the old church (augmented, of course, as above). The effects were extremely realistic, and the skilful way in which the organist worked in the lovely "vox humana" was a masterly stroke: one could almost *hear* the supposed celestial choir, and his perfect manipulation of the swell pedal in crescendo and decrescendo passages arrested the attention even of the Pimple, who absolutely sat still and didn't fidget for at least five minutes, an extraordinary effort of self-restraint on the part of that irrepressible ex-crescence.

Unfortunately the effect soon wore off as, once outside, we wandered along the shore of the lovely lake towards the Casino, where the allurements of the horse-race game and a species of bagatelle extracted a few francs from our pockets.

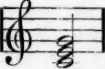
Leaving Lucerne we plunged over mountains and things and eventually arrived at the Gemmi Pass, which was attacked early one fine morning. The path was very good, luckily, as the ascent is pumping to any one out of condition.

White was noticed to be very quiet, not to say morose. Evidently he was going to be very ill or was about to say something funny—we dreaded the former, but feared the latter still more. At last it came out, *he* wasn't ill, but *we* were for some time afterwards.

"Supposing it had rained last night, and the path was all soft, what would be the most appropriate name for the Pass?" All shivered, but tried to look as if they couldn't guess (White hated to have his little jokes spoiled). "Give it up," says the Imp, "what do you think?"

"Why, the Gummy Pass, of course." Green collapsed on the spot—luckily he had reached the half-way house so a little soothing syrup was easily procurable, indeed, every one's nerves were shaken and wanted reviving. The Pimple eventually laughed one solitary "Ha," but it rang round and round in echo until the whole place seemed to appreciate White's sticky joke.

Practical old Brown at once wanted to try effects, and persuaded Black and White to join him in

sounding the chord  first in single notes

and then the full chord. After one or two tries they hit it off well, cutting the chord short. The effect was really astonishing, four or five distinct echoes being audible before finally dying away. Like Mark Twain's first introduction to the "jodel,"

it was very nice and interesting, but these three were so constantly at it afterwards that the Imp was almost driven to engage them (when amongst the mountains) at a fee of three drinks per day each *not* to do it.

The view from the top of the Gemmi is grand—many of our readers have no doubt seen it, and many haven't: those who haven't should take the first opportunity of doing so. It is useless to attempt an adequate description here, so we will put on our big boots and stride over to Chamounix.

Here Pimple was in great form (the place being very full), and eventually fixed every one up satisfactorily—Green and Black having to sleep out. A café-chantant happened to be just across the way from their house, and they were kept well aware of the fact pretty nearly all night. One vivacious Italian persisted in singing "Funiculì, Funiculà" about six times right off the reel, accompanied by his son with a fiddle and his missus on a sort of banjo-guitar, who thrummed away in a most energetic fashion. The crowd applauded vociferously, and Green, not to be outdone and in hopes they would try something else, shouted from his bedroom window (*en déshabille*) "Brava! Brava!" in his very best Italian style. This was the finishing touch, and they promptly did it again much to Black's disgust, who chucked anything that came handy at his airily-clad chum, and told him to shut the window and go to bed. This forcible argument, coupled with Black's correct aim, soon produced the desired effect.

Next day we found the place very much *en fête*, two or three bands promenading the streets and playing appropriate music—at least, *they* seemed to think so, *we* didn't. It was some great anniversary or other, and the evident instructions given to the various conductors were "play inspiring and patriotic music." After each had done "a turn," they all refreshed (there was a wonderful unanimity about *that* movement), and massed themselves for a grand final walk round by the full strength of the company. How they did blow. One little chap with a huge bombardon blared away as if the whole success of the affair depended on his personal exertions. (N.B.—Why is it in most brass bands the little, fat men always have to struggle with big brass instruments, while the long, lathy men invariably tootle clarinets and things? The longer the man the shorter his instrument seems to be the unwritten law for brass bands.)

The music, if not *inspiring*, was decidedly *per* spiring, and we rejoiced when they had blown themselves into a state of exhaustion. Their repertoire of "inspiring and patriotic" music was obviously limited, as it consisted of quick-step marches and the National anthem.

"A very sensible combination," said the patriotic Brown, "there is a vivacity in a quick-step and a solemnity in the National anthem very befitting to the occasion."

"So there may be," growled Black, "but when three goes of the first plus one of the second constitutes a dose, and the dose is to be taken about 13 times straight off, it's coming it a bit thick."

"Ah," sighed the Pimple, "if it were only whiskey and water I'd try to endure it patiently."

At this point the table d'hôte gong went off most opportunely and closed the argument.

Next day we bade a fond adieu to fascinating Chamounix, and will now do the same to our readers for the present.

(To be continued.)

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ALL real progress is slow.

GETTING is pleasanter than having.

"WE cannot live on probabilities."—*Froude*.

It is far easier to make an organ than an organist.—*J. S. Curwen*.

LARGE fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of one man's hand or head.—*Ruskin*.

RUBINSTEIN realized £12,000 by his engagements as a pianist during his stay in the British Isles in 1877.

"It is the melancholy fate of most men of inventive genius to combat opposition from those whose vested interests are destined to suffer by it."—*Ella*.

A PUBLISHER in Vienna, having ventured to reprove Beethoven for writing music too difficult, was pettishly told by the great composer, "I write for minds, not for merchants!"

"My productions in music are the product of the understanding, and spring from my sorrow; and those only which are the product of pain seem to please the great world."—*Franz Schubert*.

AN indiscreet man is worse than an ill-natured one, for, as the latter will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both his friends and foes.—*Addison*.

"If a musician pays some regard to the expression of a word, he ought to do it without losing sight of the general purport of the phrase which he has set to music."—*Abbé du Bos, born of Beauvais in 1670*.

THE attempt in 1855 to establish in Paris the Christy Minstrels signally failed. The Parisians could not appreciate the drollery of white men with blackened faces singing songs accompanied by bones and banjo.

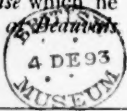
AT Naples imitation bronzes and terra-cotta objects manufactured in Paris and elsewhere, being first buried, are dug up in the ruins of Cumae and Baja, and sold to the "pazzi Inglese," as the English are sometimes called, for original antiques.

"THE most original and durable productions of musical composers are," says Gardiner, "the offspring of celibacy." This ungallant sentiment may be true of Handel, Beethoven, Rossini, Chopin and others, but it is not entirely true, as the names of Mozart and Mendelssohn witness.

THERE is in existence a composition by Sam. Wesley containing a series of intended violations of musical grammar, all duly pointed out, and "dedicated without permission to William Horsley, Esqre., Mus. Bac., fifth and eighth catcher in ordinary and extraordinary to the Royal Society of Musicians."

It is stated on the authority of Dr. Dehn, instructor of Rubinstein and custode of the magnificent National Musical Library in Berlin (died 1858), that an overture, supposed to be Bach's, was soundly hissed at the Theatre in Leipzig; but, on being known to be the composition of Mendelssohn, it was afterwards admired.

HISTORY tells us that Euripides, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involution and obscurity, inquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. "What I understand," said Socrates, "I find to be excellent, and therefore believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand."—It would be well for critics in general to adopt a similar attitude.



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